



UNIVERSE

52

RATED T TEEN
DCCOMICS.COM



NIGHTWING



CHRIS
MOONEYHAM
FILARDI

LOBDELL
NICIEZA
MOONEYHAM
FILARDI

ENTER THE NIGHTWINGS!

They have a mission.
But don't tell the
Justice League.

TM & © DC Comics.

BATMAN AND THE ~~OUTSIDERS~~



WRITTEN BY
ART BY
**BRYAN HILL
DEXTER SOY**
A NEW ONGOING SERIES BEGINNING IN
DECEMBER



RATED T TEEN
DCCOMICS.COM

NIGHTWING 52 LOBDELL • NICIEZA • MOONEYHAM • FILARDI

**BLÜDHAVEN.
MELVILLE SECTION.**

*I've been told I spent
the last chunk of my
life as a superhero.*

*If that's
the case...*



KNIGHT TERRORS

PART
THREE

HEROIC TENDENCIES

SCOTT LOBDELL PLOT
FABIAN NICIEZA SCRIPT
CHRIS MOONEYHAM ARTIST
NICK FILARDI COLORS
DERON BENNETT LETTERER
CHRIS MOONEYHAM & NICK FILARDI COVER
KAMOME SHIRAHAMA VARIANT COVER
DAVE WIELGOSZ ASST. EDITOR
KATIE KUBERT EDITOR
JAMIE S. RICH GROUP EDITOR
NIGHTWING CREATED BY
MARV WOLFGAN AND GEORGE PÉREZ

...how did I screw
this up so badly?

The cops are
here because
of me.

That guy is broken
because of me.

He was asking for it
by pushing that gun
to my head...but he
didn't ask for that.

What do I
do now?

I stopped during my shift to check on a trinket that reminded me of my mom. Something from my past I do remember...

...but instead, I was reminded that three a.m. in Blüdhaven isn't a great time to go window-shopping.

Then...I didn't even know what I was doing.



I took him down--took him apart--in seconds.

I didn't know what to do. Couldn't take him in my cab to a hospital. Couldn't just leave him. So...

I'D LIKE TO REPORT AN ASSAULT...



What should I do now? Turn myself in? Can I just leave?



A few months out of the hospital and I'm already a wanted man?





*You have got
to be \$#%@!%\$
kidding me!*

*Months ago,
I took a bullet
to the head.*

*I remember being **Dick
Grayson**, former
circus star.*

*People have told me
I was then orphaned.
Raised by gajillionaire
Bruce Wayne.*

*Was a former
superhero called
Nightwing.*

*I don't
remember
any of that.*



I'm Ric
Grayson now.

I've been told who I
was and who I should
be, but I'm totally fine
with who I am.

Cab driver.
Penthouse squatter.
Barstool-warmer.

And it seems--when
I least expect it--



--I can do
stuff like this!

Seriously, that
was really cool!



And any good carry
knows once you've
put on a show...



...you have to be
ready for an encore!

Uh-oh.

SLAM

OW.

TAXI

*Note to self: you're
not a superhero.*

**BLÜDHAVEN
CORONER'S LAB.
MORNING.**

...PERFORMING
THE AUTOPSY OF SUSPECTED
MURDER VICTIM
ANDREW
WYMAN.

IN ATTENDANCE IS
DETECTIVE ELISE
SVOBODA.

SUBJECT IS
MALE. SIXTY-FOUR.
SUSPECTED CAUSE
OF DEATH:
DROWNING.

IN HIS BED.
WITH NO WATER
AROUND.

BREEP BREEP

I GOTTA
TAKE THIS.
YOU KEEP
GOING,
DOC.

IT'S JUST
GETTING
STARTED,
LIEUT.

I KNOW, THIS
SMELLS LIKE A
META THING.

WHAT
THE--

GET
BACK!

YES. YES,
THEY'RE BEING
CAREFUL.

YEAH, NO *EXTERNAL*
CONTAGIONS OR
CONTAMINANTS WERE
DETECTED.







AAAGHH!

Another one?

RRRYEOWR

What was I dreaming about?

And when are these *nightmares* going to end?

Sun's shining?
Slept through most of the day.

No worries.

Can't decide if I like *squatting* in the *cat lady's* apartment or not.

MWWR?

I think I might be a *dog* person.

They didn't care if I slept here as long as I fed them, 'cause, *cats*.

And now they want to eat *again*, 'cause *still*, *cats*.

Can't afford my own place yet, and *squatting* in other people's cribs is as close as I get to my old life in the *carnival*.

The *only* life I still remember.



This T-shirt is one wash away from threadbare.

So, what? It needs four holes minimum to fit properly--

--and that works just fine for me.



JUST CALLING TO SEE HOW LONG MRS. RIVINGTON WILL BE IN FOR OBSERVATION.

I'M HER NEPHEW, YES. OKAY, LATER THIS AFTERNOON? GREAT. THANKS.



Drove the cat lady to the hospital a couple days ago in my cab.

Was hoping to get another night here, but I'm glad she's all right.

HERE, YOU BOTTOMLESS PITS!



Good-bye beautiful brownstone, hello whatever's next.

After what happened to me, being alive is a gift that's made better...

...by never knowing what surprises the day will bring.

**LANELY POINT
SHOOTING RANGE.
EVENING.**

THIS IS WHERE
WE TRAINED TO
BECOME COPS.

WE THOUGHT WE WERE
GOING TO MAKE A
DIFFERENCE, BUT BLUDHAVEN
IS WORSE THAN EVER.

THESE LAST TWO
NIGHTS, I'VE TRIED
TO DO MORE, BUT I
QUICKLY REALIZED...

...I CAN'T DO
IT ALONE.

MALCOLM HUTCH,
DEPUTY CHIEF IN THE
FIRE DEPARTMENT.

ZAK EDWARDS.
VICE, TENTH
PRECINCT.

COLLEEN
EDWARDS.
DETECTIVE.
FOURTEENTH
PRECINCT.

YOU
GUYS GOT A
TEXT FROM
SAP, TOO?

THANKS FOR
COMING. SORRY
FOR THE CRYPTIC
MESSAGE.

"I NEED
YOU TO HELP
ME SAVE THIS
CITY."

SERIOUSLY?

ONE
THING DETECTIVE
ALPHONSE SAPIENZA
HAS ALWAYS HAD--
A FLAIR FOR THE
DRAMATIC--



HOLY CRAP,
YOU'RE NOT
KIDDING!

I CALLED YOU
HERE TODAY
BECAUSE YOU'RE
THREE OF THE BEST
PEOPLE I
KNOW.

AND I HAVE
AN OFFER
TO MAKE.

NIGHTWING WENT
MISSING MONTHS
AGO. HE MAY BE DEAD.
HE MAY HAVE QUIT. I
DON'T KNOW.

BUT I FOUND
ONE OF HIS *BUNKERS*,
AND WHAT WAS INSIDE
CAN HELP US *SAVE*
THIS CITY.



WE'VE ALL SEEN
WHAT'S HAPPENED THE
LAST FEW YEARS. THE
BLÜD HAS *FALLEN*
APART.

JUDGES HAVE
SLOWED GETTING
WARRANTS TO A
CRAWL, THE BUDGET
CRISIS HAS CUT
PERSONNEL, THE BAD
GUYS HAVE GOTTEN
UGLIER--

--WE CAN
ONLY DO SO
MUCH ON THE
JOB.

SO YOUR
ANSWER IS TO PUT
ON A COSTUME
AND LOOK LIKE
NIGHTWING?

VIGILANTES OPERATE
WITHOUT RESTRICTIONS.
THEY GET THINGS DONE
WE CAN'T. I THINK *DARK*
TIMES CALL FOR *DARK*
KNIGHTS.

SO...

...WHO WANTS
TO DO SOME
GOOD?



Sunset over Blüdhaven.
Sarmale and mititei at
Casa lui Brasov. Only
Romani food in town.

This was a port city.
Drew three waves of
European immigrants.

Now it draws *gentrifying
moths*, flitting from Gotham
for cheaper rents.

G'NIGHT, HOT
CABBIE!

DID YOU GET A
PICTURE OF HIM?
#HOTCABBIE!

GOOD
NIGHT,
LADIES.

DISPATCH, THIS
IS CAR 1940. FARE
DROPPED OFF AT
416 14TH AVE.

CAR 1940
COPY. NEW CALL,
PICK-UP ON--
->CHCHKKZZ<-

DISPATCH
NEED--
->CHZTT<-

BURL?
YOU CUT OUT.
REPEAT?

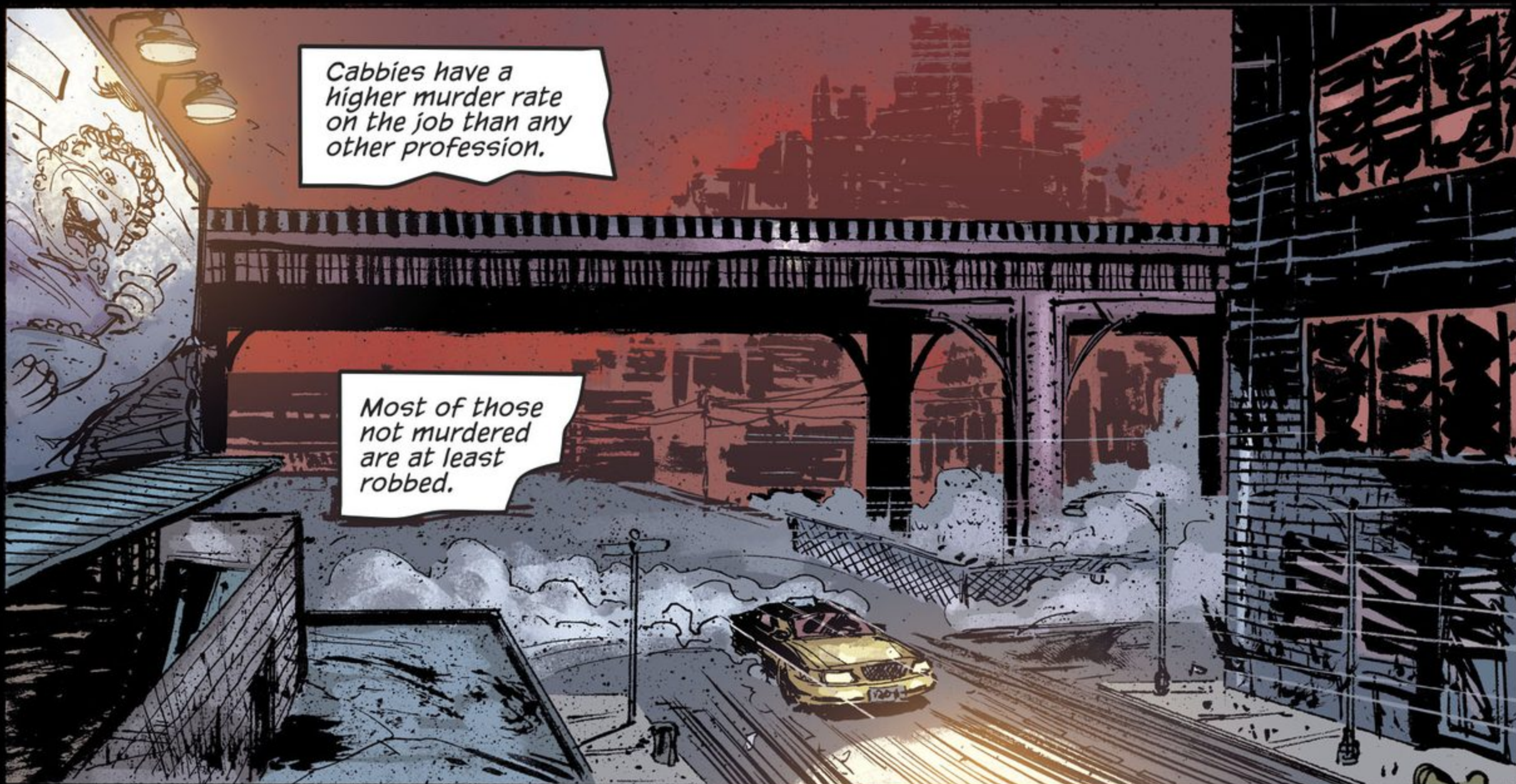
742 STARK
->SHKK<-

HELP!

BURL!



He's the one always
telling me to be
careful out here.



Cabbies have a higher murder rate on the job than any other profession.

Most of those not murdered are at least robbed.



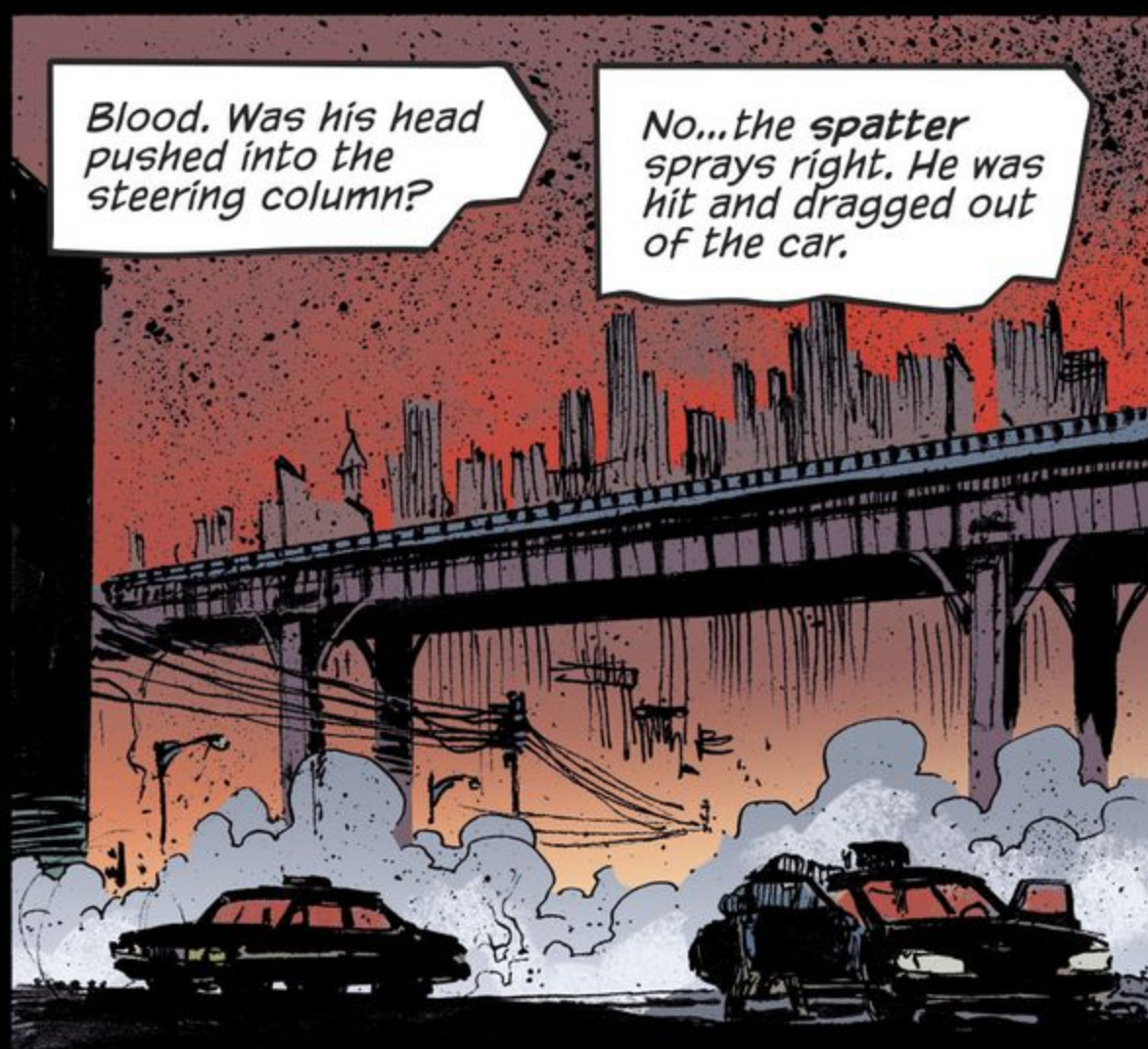
Burl told me in 22 years as a hack, he'd been assaulted 77 times.

I'm only at one and I don't feel like catching up to him.



Dammit. Dammit!

His cab is deserted.



Blood. Was his head pushed into the steering column?

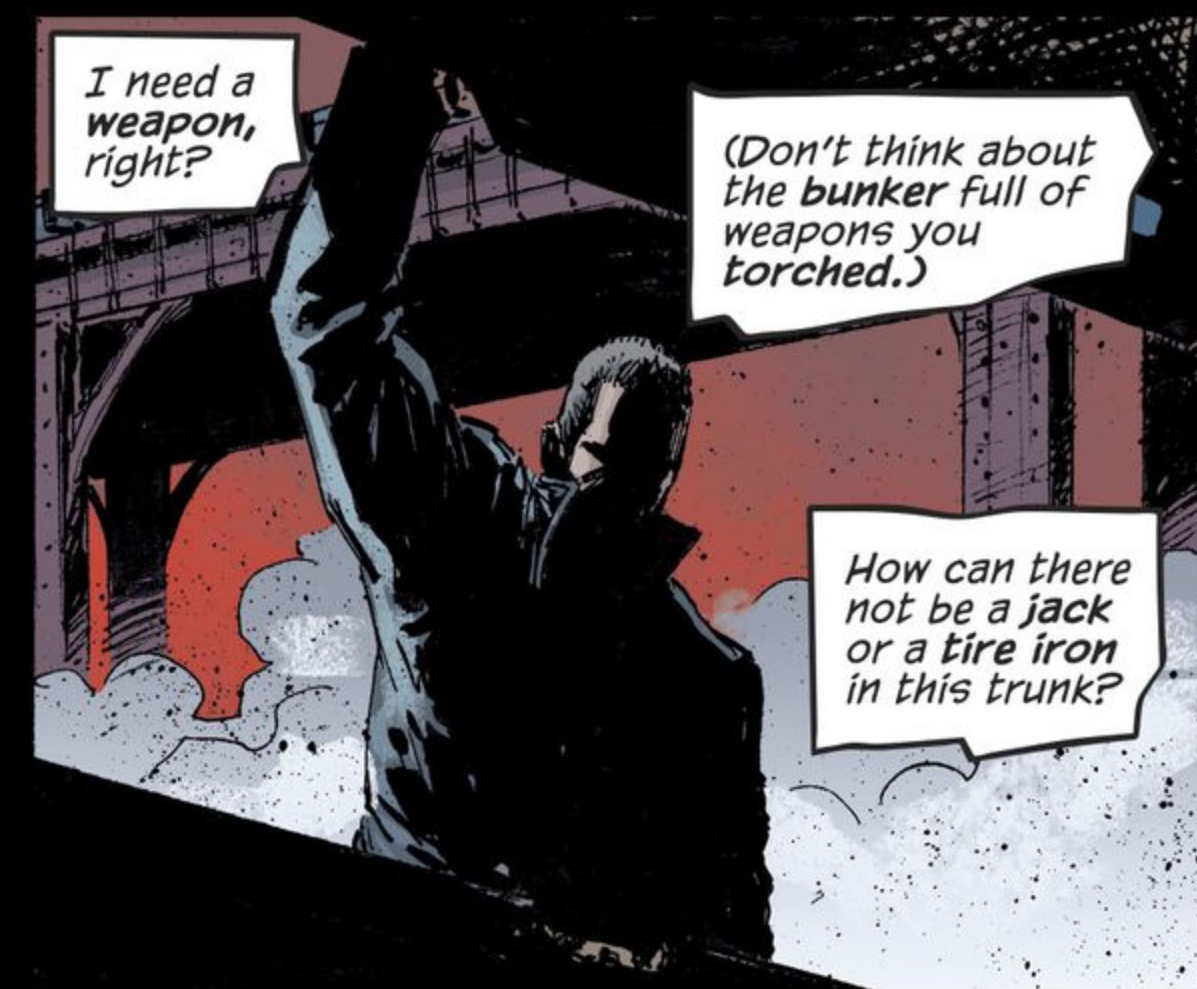
No...the *spatter* sprays right. He was hit and dragged out of the car.



He could have been dragged into *any* of these buildings.



This is *gang* territory. Why would dispatch have sent him here?



I need a *weapon*, right?

(Don't think about the *bunker* full of weapons you torched.)

How can there not be a *jack* or a *tire iron* in this trunk?



Seriously? It's either this or an oily rag and an empty bag of *Cheetos*.



ROPE IT IS THEN.



STAND DOWN, KID!

WHAT THE HELL--?

A dramatic comic book illustration. In the foreground, a close-up of a man's face, likely Batman, looking upwards with a serious expression. He has a beard and is wearing a dark, textured garment. In the background, Nightwing is perched on a damaged, rusted metal structure, possibly a bridge or industrial building. He is holding a handgun in his right hand and has a determined look. The scene is filled with smoke and debris, suggesting a recent battle or explosion. The color palette is dominated by dark blues, greys, and browns, with a splash of red from Nightwing's suit.

THE
AUTHORITIES
WILL HANDLE
THIS!

NIGHTWING?

NEXT:
THE NIGHTWINGS!

CAN A DIRTY COP FROM MARS
BECOME A HERO ON EARTH?

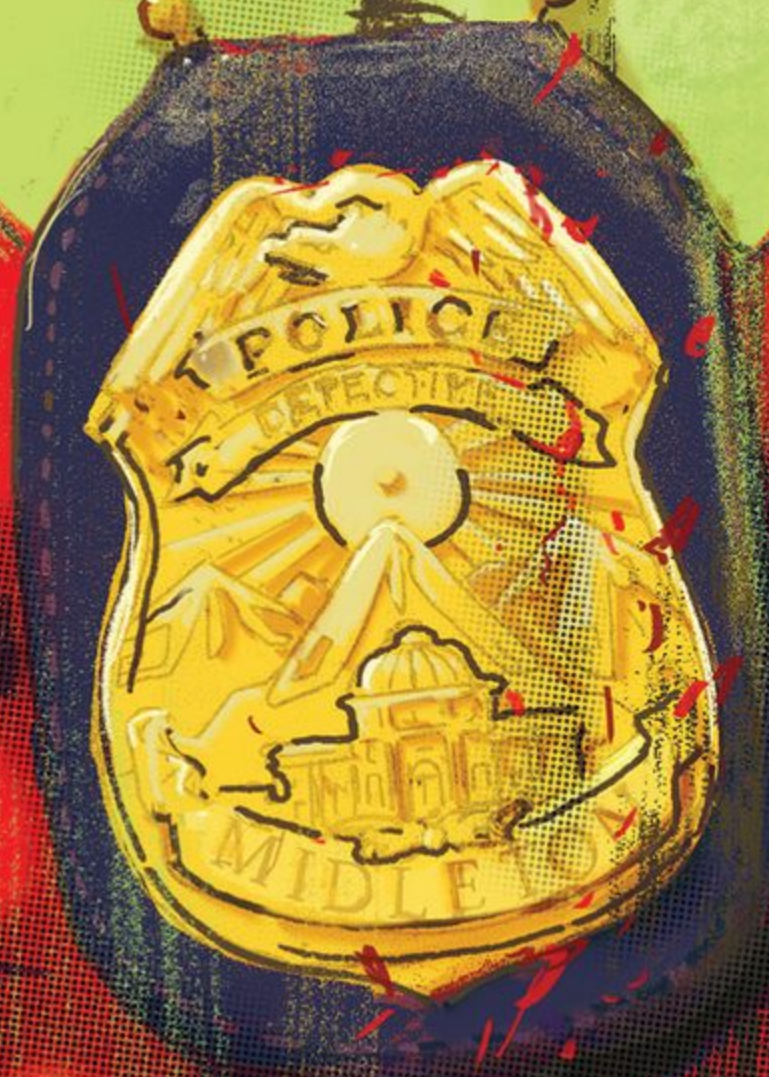
MARTIAN MANHUNTER

WRITTEN BY

STEVE
ORLANDO

ART BY

RILEY
ROSSMO



A new 12-issue limited series
DECEMBER



TM & © DC Comics.

GOING GREEN

Super-scribe Grant Morrison and veteran artist Liam Sharp dive deep into Hal Jordan's history for their new ongoing series, **THE GREEN LANTERN!**

WHAT IS THE MORRISON/SHARP VERSION OF A NEW TAKE ON GREEN LANTERN—BEYOND JUST THE “THE”?

GRANT MORRISON: The Green Lantern universe is one of the few DC corners that hasn't really changed. I mean, Hal Jordan's entire history is still pretty much intact. This is such a basic, simple concept: a space cop. How can we drive back to that simple concept, and make it feel as if it's quite new again—as if you're meeting it for the first time?

LIAM SHARP: I've always had a soft spot for the [pulp heroes]. My style, even though it's rooted in the present time, is definitely inspired by old-school creators.

IT SOUNDS LIKE AN APPROACH THAT GOES BACK TO BASICS FOR HAL JORDAN. WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON HAL?

MORRISON: For me, it was about going back to what the hell happened to this guy. He gets this ring, he's adopted into an interplanetary police force, and basically all his relationships fall apart and he can't hold down a job. But he happens to be the greatest cosmic cop of all. We loved the disconnect of that: the beatnik idea of how Jordan has no home, he sleeps on friends' couches, he travels with nothing but his lantern and a rucksack. He's like a cowboy trying to survive in the 21st century.

SHARP: He's this unreconstructed male, which is interesting particularly now because no one really does that character anymore. People are a bit shy of it, and understandably in the climate, so it's like he's a man out of time, and a man out of place.

KYLE RAYNER'S AN ARTIST, BUT HAL'S A FIGHTER. WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON HAL'S CONSTRUCTS?

MORRISON: With Hal, I think it's so simple and direct. That's why it comes out as giant hands, and giant hammers, and giant nails—very specific, physical things. But we're also going back to some of the earlier ideas of the ring. It doesn't just make constructs, it's a magical wishing ring to a certain extent, and it can do almost anything.

SHARP: There're little subtle things, like we've got one of the other Green Lanterns, he manifests a monocle and it's just hovering in front of him. And there's a severed finger that's flying around with the ring, too.

HOW DOES THE BACK-AND-FORTH OF MAPPING OUT THE STORY WORK BETWEEN YOU TWO?

MORRISON: I know how good [Liam] is and I know what he can do, and the scripts are tailored toward that. It's very much a collaboration, and I can let go and let him do things, and when I see the artwork I can slightly change dialogue, or change descriptions.

SHARP: There was a joy in Grant's scripts when they came in—just a glee about this universe that he's creating, that he's back in again, and all of the things about our particular loves and references from the past. Panel two on page two was something like three pages long. I think I got most of it! ■



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